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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Two Hearts.

When you are old and I am old,
And passion's fires are burned to embers,
And life is as a tale that's told,
And only worth what love remembers.

If we should meet—two quiet folk—
And change opinions of the weather,
Could word or look again provoke
The heart and eyes to speak together.

The heart benumbed with so much ache,
The eyes bedimmed with so much crying?
Do buds long blighted ever break,
And green the vine already dying?

What hand of skill shall draw the line
Twixt sordid love and holier passion?
What art shall fix the unfixing sign,
And bring it's reading into fashion?

What is the meaning of it all,
The chattering woe, the varied sweetness,
If dark oblivion's night shall fall
Forever on its incompleteness?

When you are dead and I am dead,
Our faces lost, our names unspoken,
Shall then the mystery be read?
Can heaven bind what earth has broken?

In clearer light and fairer day,
With finger point the impious proving
Unfettered of this hindering clay,
Oh what must be the joy of loving!

STORE TELLER.

"A OFFSCOURING."

"Well, yes, ma'am, I have stolen!"
"Why, John."
"You asked me, didn't you?"
"Yes, I asked you," the mission teacher replied, with a sad, almost disguised expression on her sweet, young face.

"What did you ask me for, if you didn't want me to tell you? I could a lied," the boy went on in a stolid sort of way, and yet with a ring of feeling in his voice.

"No, you couldn't, Johnny," the teacher answered with a smile, "because you promised me that you would always tell the truth to me."

"Well, I didn't go back on it, did I?"

"No, Johnny. Have you any objection to telling me how often you have taken things that didn't belong to you?"

"Maybe I can't remember them all," the boy replied. "I never lifted anything particular. Once, when the old woman where I hung out got sick and cried a blue streak for oranges, and nobody had the money to get them, I asked the old cove that kept the grocery store to trust me for a couple till next day. He wouldn't do it, and that night I stole six from him."

"Why, Johnny?"
"Why didn't he let me have 'em then?" the boy went on doggedly. "I'd paid, 'cause I said I would. Anyhow, the old woman got well of them oranges."

"Then you are not sorry you took them?" the teacher inquired.
"Well, the old woman had to have them oranges, and some body had to get them for her."

The teacher's face was very grave, and as her companion looked up he saw the tears in her eyes, a sight which had a curious effect upon him.

"Don't make me tell you any more, please, ma'am," he said, dropping his eyes while his face flushed scarlet.

"I ain't nothing but a offscouring, anyhow, and it ain't no good to fret about what I do. I was kinder dragged into this place, else I'd never bother you."

"What name did you call yourself?" the teacher inquired. "I didn't understand you."

"Granny Leeds said I was a offscouring, and so I am."

"What is a offscouring, Johnny?"
"Oh! the leavings of something that ain't no good."

"Granny Leeds, as you call her, was very much mistaken about yourself, Johnny," the teacher replied. "You are not an offscouring, but one of God's own children, and He is giving you a chance to make something of yourself. How much do you think the things are worth that you have taken, in all, Johnny?"

"Them oranges were worth four cents a piece when I took them; that's 24; and then two loaves of bread I lifted for two fellows that froze their feet last winter, and a mackerel to make the bread go down. It's awful tough to eat bread with nothing on it; and then a base ball was worth 50 cents, and all them things would make near hand to a dollar. I don't remember anything else."

"Well, Johnny, I shall give you a dollar, and I want you to go to those places and pay for all those things."

"Then I'll have to own up," the boy interrupted.

"Wouldn't you feel better to confess, Johnny?" the young lady inquired, not a little troubled at the effect of her words.

For a moment the boy seemed lost in thought, and then lifting a frank face to his companion, said:

"I ain't never felt perticler bad about any of them things 'cept the base-ball, and that I could a done without, but if you say so, Miss Lee, I'll give the whole thing away, only as I ain't lifted anything lately, and don't mean to do it again they would suspicion me, and make me out a thief when I ain't no such thing. Do not you think it would do, ma'am, if I dropped the money in them places so they'd be sure to find it, but if you say so, I'll give it all away even if it takes me to the island."

"What will you do, Johnny, if somebody needs bread and oranges and you haven't got any money to buy them with?"

"That's a sticker, ma'am. I dunno."

"And it wouldn't be strange if something of that kind were to happen any day?"

"No, ma'am. There is something putty generally to pay with the folks I know."

"Well, Johnny, I will tell you what to do," she replied. "Here's my card, and when any of your acquaintances are in trouble I wish you would come directly to me; and if anything is amiss with you at any time be sure and send a messenger. You had better come up to-morrow, anyway, Johnny, for I want to give you some warm clothes, and then it will be easy for you to find the place next time."

Johnny hung his head. The kindness had overpowered him, and not a word could he speak.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Johnny," the tender-hearted teacher hurried to say. "You are willing I should help you, are you not?"

"I guess you had better let me git now, Miss Lee," the boy replied rather huskily: "you could knock me down with an eyewinker. You needn't worry about my remembering all you have said, but just now I'm all broke up."

"And I can trust you, Johnny?" the lady inquired.

"It's a go, ma'am," the boy answered simply.

Miss Lee tucked a \$1 bill in his hand and Johnny hurried out of the building. It took considerable tact and skill, as well as time, for the boy to satisfactorily manage the business which his teacher had provided the money for. For instance, the grocer from whom he "lifted" the oranges had sold out to another, and Johnny was obliged to hunt him up. He was at last found, poor and ill, and the boy without a moment's hesitation confessed the theft and produced the money.

"I guess I can make it 30 cents," he said, "that'll be a little interest. If I wouldn't like to make it \$5, then you may shoot me for a cove."

The ex-grocer was so surprised at Johnny's confession and subsequent generosity, that he shook the boy's hand heartily and invited him to step in again soon, which the lad as heartily promised to do.

By nightfall these "back debts," as Johnny naively called them, were settled, and then, after a scanty meal the boy started out with evening papers.

About a quarter to eight he had sold out, and then as fast as his feet would carry him, he hurried to the neighborhood of the Academy of Music to watch the people go into the building. It was opera night, and this was one of Johnny's greatest pleasures, and so with his back to the lamp post he gave himself up to the delight of watching the throng. Johnny wondered what it would be like to drive around in luxurious carriages, and have plenty of money to spend on fine clothes. He thought of the bread and herring he had eaten for his supper, and tried to imagine what it would be like to have turkey and cranberry sauce every day. Every Christmas Johnny had turkey and cranberry sauce for his dinner, and he knew by experience how nice they were. He had ridden in an ambulance with a friend of his—a newsboy, who had been run over by an express wagon, and this was the nearest approach to a carriage ride he had ever enjoyed.

He wondered as he watched these happy, gaily dressed people, why it was that some people had all they wanted while others were cold and hungry, and sometimes starved to death. This was not the first time Johnny had been perplexed with such thoughts, but they had never made

him feel quite so uncomfortable as on this occasion. He called to mind the warm underclothing and tidy jacket and pants which Miss Lee had given him that day, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that there was one person in the world who cared for him.

There had been a heavy fall of snow that day, and as Johnny, still absorbed with his thoughts, started to cross the street, he saw something sparkle in the snow at the side of the crossing. There had been a rush of carriages and a few had not been able to pull up to the curb. As he picked it up he saw that it was an ornament in the shape of a cross and studded with diamonds.

Johnny knew they were shiners, as he called them, as soon as he looked at them, so with his heart in his throat he tucked the precious jewel in his pocket, still holding it finly in his hand. Johnny's ambition was to start a coffee and cake establishment where the newsboys could be entertained at low rates. For more than a year he had nursed this project, and here was a chance to carry it into execution. There were nine stones in the cross. Disposing of one at a time to avoid suspicion, here was money enough to last him years and years, he told himself. It puzzled him to know where he could keep the shiners, for there was not one of his acquaintances whom he dare trust with the secret. Not until he had crept into his poverty-stricken bed, with his treasure carefully hidden among the straw, did the thought occur that he ought to try and find an owner for it. Then followed a hard battle between the natural honesty of the lad and his very natural desire for creature comforts.

The person who could wear a good thing like that "chock full of shiners," he said to himself, must have money enough to buy some shiners. Here he was cold and hungry, with no prospect before him but to be always hungry if not always cold; and here were those "shiners" which would set him up in business and give him a chance to help the boys. Why should he find the owner of the cross when he had nothing and the owner everything? This fight continued until it was time to start for the morning papers. All through the busiest part of the fore noon the battle still raged, and the newsboy's thoughts were so occupied with his new-found riches that he almost forgot to attend to his customers. About half past ten, as he passed the City Hall Park he noticed a gentleman, and as he heard the word "diamond cross" spoken, Johnny slackened his pace and listened.

"The diamonds were all of the first water," the gentleman said; "it was a gift to my wife from her father and she is terribly out up by the loss. I don't suppose we shall find it."

"You will advertise it, won't you?" his companion inquired.

"Oh, of course," the gentleman replied, "but more than likely it has fallen into dishonest hands, and unless the reward is equal to the value of the diamonds we shall never see them."

When the gentleman separated, the one who was interested in the diamonds entered the city hall, and after a little inquiry, Johnny discovered that this gentleman held a very honorable office in the city department. After finding this out the lad took a turn round the park to think it over again.

"Granny Leeds said I was a offscouring, and Miss Lee says I ain't," he argued to himself. "If I keep these shiners granny'll be right and Miss Lee'll be wrong. She said the Lord was giving me a chance to make something of myself. Well, now the question is, am I or am I not a offscouring? If I keep these shiners I am, if I give them up, I ain't. Well, I ain't," and, with these words on his lips, Johnny started for the gentleman's office. Nothing daunted he entered, and presented himself at the desk.

"Some of your folks have lost something, ain't they," he asked.
"They have," said the gentleman.
"Will your honor tell me what it is like?"

"It is a gold cross set with diamonds," and the gentleman described the relative position of the stones. "It was lost either in the Academy of Music last night, or on the way from that place."

Johnny's coat was off in a twinkling, and with a rip at the stitches which confined the treasure, he took it out, and put on his coat again. "I suppose that is it," he said, handing it to the gentleman. I wanted to keep the shiners awful bad," he continued. "They'd set me up in business, them shiners would, but, you see,

I couldn't be such a offscouring as that, though I have been trying to be a thief all night long. If I were your folks," he went on. "I'd get a stronger string to hold on them shiners for fear they'd be gone for good next time."

"What is your name?" the gentleman inquired, as the lad with his cap in his hand, stood modestly before him.

"John Resney," the boy replied.
"Have you a father and mother?" was the next question.

"Nobody, yer honor, but myself."
"Which would you prefer to do, Johnny," the gentleman next inquired, "go into business or go to school?"
"Well, I would rather go to school, ten to one," said Johnny, but there ain't no show for that."

"We will see," said the gentleman. "Will you come into my office, Johnny, until I see what is best to be done?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny replied, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I shall want you to go home with me in an hour or two, and give my wife her diamonds, and see what she thinks of you."

"All right," said Johnny, brushing away the tears. "Anything to do now, yer honor?"

The following Sunday Johnny went to the mission school for the last time, and in such clothes that Miss Lee hardly knew him. The grateful boy told his teacher all that had happened, and concluded as follows:

"I am going away to school to-morrow, and if I've got the learning stuff in me I can go to college; but Miss Lee, if I had not been for you and God, I would have been a offscouring all the days of my life."

Reprieved, But An Idiot

A SOUTHERN BOY CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF DESEATING AND CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT—BEFORE THE MUSKETS.

One night, when I was sergeant of a picket post well advanced toward the Union lines, instructions were received to keep a sharp watch for deserters. Not more than an hour later we made a capture. A boy, about eighteen years old, a private in a Georgian regiment, had left camp with the intention of visiting his home, which was then inside the Union lines. He was not over bright, and when brought in by a picket, he seemed to look upon the matter as a joke. It was only when he was escorted to camp and put under guard, charged with trying to desert to the enemy, that he seemed to realize the gravity of his situation.

A court martial made short work of his case. The only defence he set up was that he was homesick and wanted to see his mother, and that he surely meant to return that same week. There might have been something in this appeal, had he not admitted that he knew his home to be within the Union lines and that there was a strong probability of his being captured by the federals.

From the hour he was sentenced to be shot he was placed under my charge. I think it was about a week from the finding of the court martial to the day of the execution. For the first, two or three days the boy was like one struck dumb, and he answered no questions. When this state of mind wore off he spent most of his time in weeping, praying and writing letters. It was only on the night before the execution that he became talkative. As I carried in his sapper he asked:

"Sergeant, did you ever see a deserter shot?"
"Yes."
"How is it done?"
"By a file of men. Six of my squad have been detailed in your case."

"Will they blindfold me?"
"Yes."
"Will I stand up?"
"No, you will be seated on your coffin."

He spoke with more curiosity than concern, and I was glad to see it. So long as he had to die it was better to show a brave front. I sought to encourage him in this, but he replied:

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of my breaking down. All I ask of you is to make quick work of it."

Next morning when he marched out their air was raw and the sky was gloomy as a pall. When I brought him out he was the cooler of the two. I was nervous and trembling, while he was absolutely cool and self-possessed.

"Is it time?" he asked, as I went in.

"Yes."
"Well, I'm ready."
"How do you feel?"
"I'm all right."

When we reached the grounds which had been selected I saw that about six thousand men had been marched up to witness the execution. The boy looked about him with considerable curiosity, but showed no signs of weakness. When we reached the open grave and the coffin resting in front of it he caught a quick breath, and something like terror could be read in his eyes.

I stood there with him while the firing party retreated a few paces and came to a "front." Then an officer came forward and read the charge and the findings. All this time I had hold of the boy's hand, my standing shoulder to shoulder. There was no trembling, but his flesh was so hot that it seemed to blister mine.

When the officer had finished reading he stepped away leaving us alone.

"I must blindfold you," I said, as I produced a handkerchief.

"Yes."
"You are going to die like a brave man."

"I told you I would."
I placed the handkerchief over his eyes and tied the ends at the back of his head, and then, taking his arm, I whispered:—

"You must sit down."

"Yes."
"I am going now."

"Good-by to you, Sergeant. Let it be over soon!"

When I had reached the squad there was nothing to wait for, and the orders were issued:—

"Ready!"
"Aim!"

The command "Fire" was just trembling on my lips, when an officer waving a white handkerchief appeared behind the prisoner. I ascertained, at a later date, that none of the muskets were loaded, but this fact was not even known to the firing squad.

The prisoner had been reprieved. I advanced and broke the glad news to him, and then removed the bandage from his eyes and assisted him to rise.

Great heavens, but what a change! He had a smile on his face—the grin of an idiot! The light of intelligence had gone out of his eyes, and his first movement was to spring up, flop his arms, and crow like a rooster! From that moment until he was finally discharged and sent home, no man heard an intelligent word from his lips nor saw anything like intelligence in his face. He was not crazy, but idiotic. That one minute of awful suspense had drowned out the light of reason and so changed his every look that his own mother could not have identified him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A VIOLIN'S VOICE.

The dark angel of death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Annita, Maestro Narditti's child, was fading away; no tear, no prayers could avail, not even Carissima's lovely voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now; the maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to soothe his sorrow, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius, and had bidden him call aloud to the world. So the Carissima and he played together through sickness and sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends.

They had just come back from the crowded hall; the people said that never before had the maestro played so beautifully, and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason; but we do, for both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful, or the outward expression of these thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weeping by the child's bedside. But she said: "Do not weep; sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father; and the evening has been so long without thee."

Then he rose and played for her, and she closed her eyes and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young

life, too pure for earth, and therefore to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind and to know that they would be desolate; and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became softer and softer as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place; then the lingering notes died away, and the maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again!"

Once more he raised his bow on high, and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody but no longer soft or sad, for the gates of the fair land were opened wide and amid this jubilant strain the child has passed away with the angel of death.

How Axes are Made.

The manufacture of axes in Pittsburgh is in amount about double that of any other city in the United States and about equal to the combined productions of all other places. The greater part of the trade is reached through Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago and New Orleans as distributing points. Competing manufacturing are located in Boston, Collinsville, N. H.; Lewistown, Pa., and in Michigan. The handles are made chiefly in Ohio and Indiana. Only a comparatively small number are sold with the axes, as purchasers at retail most frequently prefer to select a handle to suit their tastes. The demand for axes with handles already adjusted is said to be constantly increasing. In the manufacture of axes the material passes through twelve different operations before it is ready for labelling and boxing. At first it is a rectangular piece of iron, about three-fourths of an inch thick, three and one-half inches wide and about six inches long. The bit is of steel, and in some instances is inserted in a slit made in the iron, and in others it is drawn over the edge of the iron.

There is a growing demand for axes made entirely of steel. The most important part of the process of manufacture is the tempering. The grinding and polishing is the most laborious part of the process. It is here that the rough, irregularly shaped semblance of an axe is ground and polished until it is as a mirror. It is said that the work will prove fatal within five years to any man who pursues it steadily. The air is filled with imperceptible dust from stones, and many of the workmen tie small sponges saturated with water over their nostrils.

A Deadly Spring.

A Laramie, Wyoming, correspondent says: Every tourist who comes to Wyoming Territory, is told of the beautiful but deadly Rattlesnake Mountain, and warned not to bathe in the famous Clinging Spring. The spring is in a valley of the wildest beauty. It is circular in form and perhaps 100 feet in circumference. The water is clear and two feet deep. The temperature during the fall is of blood warmth, during the remainder of the year icy cold. The beautiful spring entices the tired traveler or the mountain tramp to bathe in its waters. But the pleasant temptation conceals a deadly snare. Many have bathed, but it was the bath of death. The bottom which, through the pellucid waters, seems to be composed of a white and almost marble-like in purity and polish, is in reality a sucking quagmire, and once within its clinging grasp there is no such thing as aid or escape. Men without number have perished in this fatal trap, some with agonized friend standing remote from any high road, or even any general trail all around, it is a noted hunting region. Occasionally an unfortunate stranger finds himself on the margin of this fatal spring, and yielding to its seduction plunges in and is seen no more. His fate is a mystery, and is very probably laid to the account of the savage mountain lion or the ferocious silver-trip bear.

Indians relate that years ago a party of red hunters found the spring at the close of a toilsome hunt in the early fall. One of the braves decided to bathe in the tepid waters. The clinging sands soon seized him and he cried for help. This was promptly afforded, one of the Indians throwing him the noose end of a stout buckskin lariat. The sinking brave passed the noose around

one arm, and his comrades began to haul on the rope. They could not even arrest the fearful descent. A horse was hastily brought and hitched to the end of the lariat. The good cord held fast, but in place of the man only his arm was jerked from the clinging depths, while the crawling sands choked the death song of the buried brave.

Postal Facts and Figures.

The report of First Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson shows that during the past fiscal year 2,131 post-offices were established and 886 discontinued, leaving the total number of fourth class offices 4,909 and of presidential offices 2,333, or a total of 8,143. The number of appointments made were as follows: To fill vacancies caused by removals and suspensions, 810; to fill vacancies caused by commissions expiring, 6,204. There were 412 deaths of postmasters, and the new offices established numbered 232. During the year there was an increase in offices as follows: Middle states, 111; New England, 48; Southern states, 632; Western, 275; Pacific states and territories, 65; Virginia led in the increase, 100 being placed to her credit. The total number of money order offices is 6,992, an increase of 749 during the last year. The number of changes in postmasters during the year was 825. The postmaster-general recommends the establishment of free delivery in cities of 10,000 or more inhabitants.

During the year there was allowed for clerk hire in the several post-offices \$4,924,509; for salaries of postmasters, \$9,602,000. As the result of the annual adjustment of postmasters, 14 offices have been added to the presidential list and 134 offices relegated to the fourth-class. Gen. Stevenson says the business of the country as reflected through the receipts, shows that an era of prosperity is upon us which necessitates an increase of appropriations for salaries for the next fiscal year.

The estimates for next year are placed at \$9,586,000.

The Railway Mail Service.

The annual report of General Superintendent Jameson of the railway mail service states the mileage increased during the past year 4,007 miles. The increase in the number of mail matter handled, exclusive of registered matter, was 428,357,900 and the total distributions 4,948,059,400 pieces. The average percentage of mail correctly distributed was 99.98, the highest rate attained since the establishment of the service. The estimate for the fast mail on trunk lines for the ensuing year is the same for the current fiscal year, namely \$251,725. The estimate for railway postal cards is \$1,887,577, an increase of 7 per cent. There is \$4,877,000 asked for the pay of postal clerks. This is an increase of 6 per cent, over the existing appropriation. The superintendent strongly advocates the extension of the civil service law to the clerical force of the railway mail service.

MAKE \$20.00 FOR CHRISTMAS

The publisher of Rutledge's Monthly offer twelve valuable rewards in their Monthly for December, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person telling us what is the shortest verse in the New Testament Scriptures (not the revised edition), and in which book and chapter it can be found, by Dec. 10, 1885. Should two or more correct answers be received, the Reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner Dec. 15th, 1885. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver or postal notes, (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Monthly for Jan., in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

He that makes but one step up a stair, though he be not much nearer to the top of the house, yet he has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So, in this first step of prayer—"O Lord, be merciful unto me"—though a man be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from the world and the miserable comforts thereof.—*Donne.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; it is the best writer contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

HARVEY PRINDLE PEET.

The observance of the anniversary days of distinguished men whose illustrious careers offered to us shining examples, is but a means of expressing the desire native in human nature to honor the memory of those whose names we would perpetuate and whose example we would hold up for imitation. It is in compliance with this sentiment that, since the death, on the first day of January, 1873, of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, the former Principal, and, some in senses, the founder of the New York Institution, his birthday, the 19th of November, has been observed in the Institution chapel by special ceremonies.

Our readers may be familiar with the name of this remarkable man, and with what entire self-abnegation he devoted himself to the interests of the deaf and dumb. In some, his dignity of manner may have impressed a feeling of awe, but his intimate friends knew him and loved him as a genial and companionable man, full of anecdote and incident, which gave a zest to his conversation.

But it is not our intention here to write an eulogy upon the character of Dr. Peet nor to detail at length his labors in the cause of deaf-mute education; for they are familiar to all acquainted with deaf-mute instruction and a part of history. We have, however, been not a little surprised in the many eulogies pronounced upon his varied genius, to notice how little has been said of his efforts in connection with the removal of restrictive measures which, to a great extent, hindered the earlier efforts in the work of instructing the deaf. Prior to his appearance as the Principal of the New York Institution, the provisions for the instruction of the deaf of the Empire State were so meagre as to render them of little value. For thirty-six years, from 1831 to 1867, Dr. Peet devoted his energy to the passage of such laws as would tend to do the greatest good to the greatest number of the deaf of the State.

In a paper read by Prof. T. F. Fox, at the last reunion of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, there is an admirable resume of Dr. Peet's work in this direction, from which we take a few quotations. Speaking of Dr. Peet's efforts for the passage of favorable laws, Mr. Fox says:—

The early pupils of the Institution were, if indulgent, allowed only three years of instruction. Of these, only four from each Senate District or thirty-two in all, could be appointed by the Superintendent of Common Schools. In the year 1830, the length of the term was increased to five years and the number of pupils to seven from each Senate District, the lowest age of admission being ten years and the limit twenty-five. This scale was gradually increased, till in the year 1864 was passed a law practically giving the boon of a free education to every indigent deaf-mute in the State between the ages of twelve and twenty-five and making the entire term seven years. In this act, also, was incorporated a provision allowing the Superintendent of Public Instruction to appoint twelve pupils, who had pursued the full course allowed them as State pupils, to remain three years longer for the purpose of gaining an academic education. Additional provision made the original term of instruction eight years, and the number to be instructed in the High Class twenty-four.

In 1863 was passed a law requiring the counties to support, in the Institution, all indigent deaf-mute children between the ages of six and twelve. This was rendered necessary from the fact that deaf-mutes had through the process of removing the relations between country and city become concentrated in villages and cities. The poor were no longer rustic—the rustics were no longer poor. These poor children were running about the streets exposed to every danger, forming habits which would affect the whole tenor of their lives—becoming street boys and street girls—when suddenly the State stepped in and said: "These deaf-mute children must not be exposed to such influences. If the pure, broad, open country in which they may commune with nature cannot be theirs, they must be placed at a school where they shall in their immaturity be gaining good habits, if nothing else, be secluded from temptation, be started in the road to 'good English'."

The precedent thus established here in New York was followed by the legislatures of other states to a greater or less extent, with the result that the education of the deaf in our

country has become popular and our schools are enabled to attain the highest results.

It is, therefore, no surprise that the deaf-mutes of New York so cherish the name, and the remembrance of Dr. Peet's works, that they are to honor his memory by erecting, near the Institution which he loved so well, a statue which will form a fitting memorial of his spotless life and untiring energy in the discharge of duty—qualities which demand our admiration as well as challenge our imitation.

WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM, M.D.

The hearts of many graduates of "Old Fanwood" will sadden when they hear that Dr. William Frothingham is dead, and their sorrow will be increased at the knowledge of the manner of his death. He was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol, on the morning of Thursday, November 19th, at about eight o'clock. Dr. Frothingham, besides being a Director of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was also its consulting physician, and in that capacity he has rendered great service in times of greatest emergency. To his care and skill many a deaf-mute owes his life and health. Dr. Frothingham always exhibited a great interest in the education of the deaf and dumb, and among the pupils of the New York Institution, his brisk and friendly encouragement did much to stimulate a spirit of industrious endeavor.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the Faculty and pupils of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held November 19th, 1885, for the purpose of honoring the birthday of the late Harvey P. Peet LL.D., and of commemorating the lives of other benefactors of the Institution, the sudden death of William Frothingham, M.D., was announced, and amid the sorrow occasioned by this sad event, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That, in the death of Doctor William Frothingham, we recognize the loss of a friend of the Institution, whose place it will be difficult to fill. As a member of its Board of Directors, he advocated a wise and liberal policy which aimed at the highest results in the education of the deaf, and, as consulting physician, he gave to its inmates, without charge, the benefit of his special knowledge and rare insight into the nature and cause of disease. His interest in the Institution, he also manifested by frequent visits, in each of which were strengthened the respect and affection entertained for him by us all. The qualities of head and heart which endeared him to us, also made him beloved in the three other benevolent institutions in our neighborhood, while, in that wider circle embracing those who reside between the heights above Manhattanville and Kingsbridge, they won for him a profound affection and regard. A man of culture, learning, benevolence, good judgment, high principle and sincere piety, he exercised a quiet and unobtrusive influence which will continue to bear fruit for years to come, while his skill and success as a physician and surgeon will long be remembered with gratitude, both by the wealthy who were his patrons, and by the poor who were his beneficiaries.

Resolved, That this expression of our feelings be placed upon our records, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased as a testimonial of our sincere regard and sympathy.

A true copy of the proceedings, ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 5.

KENDALL, GREEN 1
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21 '85.
Only three subscriptions have arrived during the week, but the treasurer has received information of such activity in various quarters as to promise good results to the fund.
Waldron H. Halsey, Newark, N. J., \$1.00
Gerrit A. Bird, Vassar, Mich., 1.00
T. H. Coleman, Ridgewood, S. C., 1.00
Cash already reported, 136.56
Other assets already reported, 125.75
Total assets, \$262.31
An analysis of cash receipts by the treasurer to date may be interesting. It is as follows:—
From Colorado, 1.00
Connecticut, 2.50
" the District of Columbia, 2.50
" Georgia, 2.50
" Indiana, 1.00
" Iowa, 10.00
" Ireland, —H. W. Grandin— 25.00
" Kansas, 42.00
" Maine, 1.00
" Maryland, 1.00
" Massachusetts, 7.25
" Minnesota, 1.00
" Missouri, 8.00
" Mississippi, 11.00
" Missouri, 10.85
" New Jersey, 1.00
" New Hampshire, 6.00
" New York, 2.00
" North Carolina, 10.00
" South Carolina, 5.00
" Vermont, 3.00
" Virginia, 4.50
" Wisconsin, 4.50
" the Executive Com., for expenses, 31.00
" interest, less Mr. Webb's expenses, .30
Total \$139.56
A. G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

Brick Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

BULLETIN NO. 20.

Oct. 31, A Friend, \$3.11
Nov. 1, Cash, 4.00
Nov. 1, Cash, 5.00
" 4, M. J. Irwin, Creek Locks, 2.00
" 15, Frank Roberts, 2.00
The fund now amounts to \$1,356.85
CLEMENS R. TROSKOW, 22 East 21 St., Secretary and Treasurer.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Bessie O'Connor, of Philadelphia, has gone to Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Coffin, of Boston, is still in Gotham, presumably at the "St. Denis."

Mr. A. W. Orent, of Malden, Mass., is considering about joining the Salem Society of deaf-mutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., will celebrate the 30th anniversary of their marriage on the 10th of December.

Dr. Gillet, of the Illinois Institution, will be in New York about December 10th, and will be one of the guests at the Gallaudet Club Banquet.

The Rev. Messrs. Morgan and Mann conducted a "combined service" at Trinity Church, Cleveland, on Sunday evening, November 15th.

B. Douglas goes to Washington D. C., the first week in December next. His address will be in care of Kendall Green till about Christmas.

Mrs. Annie L. Reighart, formerly of Braddock, Pa., is now in business in Chicago. It is said she is rapidly becoming wealthy in her new venture.

The Edgar Thomson Steel Works will shut down at Braddock, Pa., for repairs, for a week during the holidays, and a many of the men will be away for their vacation.

On Sunday the 15th inst. Rev. Job Turner conducted a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La. He was greatly pleased to see a good number of them present at the service.

A full account of the Newark Ball will appear in our next issue. The JOURNAL, with its usual enterprise, had a special reporter present, and the detailed account in our next will be of interest.

A limited number of persons can procure seats in one of the boxes at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, December 29th, by sending name and number of persons to "D," care of JOURNAL office.

Seven years ago A. S. Gardner, of Arapahoe, Nebraska, took a homestead, paying \$25 for it. At the present writing, it is worth \$35,000. He lately received a car load of lumber from Chicago which is being used to build a house, 24x40 feet, which will cost \$1,000.

The following deaf-mutes were seen at the American Institute Fair in New York City within the past week: J. M. Stout, of Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mr. Sweeney and his wife, Mr. Campbell and his wife and family, and Herman Zorn, of New York City.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL voices our sentiments exactly in the matter of the recent appointment of Mr. Wing to the lucrative position in the Illinois Institution. Mr. Hodgson, the editor is very impartial in his treatment of subjects in the JOURNAL.—Michigan Mirror.

The Bay State Deaf Mute Christian Mission, under the management of its secretary, Mr. Alvah W. Orent, will celebrate the late Rev. T. H. Gallaudet's ninety-seventh birthday anniversary, for the benefit of the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund. The place will be at Alpha Hall, 18 Essex St., Boston.

Mr. Samuel M. Gass, late of Reading, Pa., brother of Mr. William E. Gass, of St. Louis, is now located at Steelton, Pa., and is employed as night turn foreman of the University Mill of Penn. Steel Co., Pa. He has obtained four patents, one of which is a valuable improvement in Locknut.

On Monday, the 16th, during his very short sojourn at Baton Rouge, La., Rev. Job Turner learned with sorrow of the death of his old deaf-mute friend, Henry Louis Wilkins, which took place at Annandville, St. Landry, La., on the 1st of October last, after an illness of only two days. He was born in Virginia, December 19th, 1811, and was consequently 74 years old at the time of his death. He graduated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., in 1834. He was remarkably active till a little before his death.

Saturday afternoon, November 14th, Miss Christina Scherger, of Pittsburgh, was summoned home to New Castle, Pa., by a telegram that her youngest sister, Katie, who was engaged to be united in marriage on the 19th of November, was very low with typhoid fever for a short time, which deprived her of her life the next day after Christina's arrival home, and had gotten her bridal outfit ready. She was buried in her bridal clothes. It was a very sad affair. The mutes of Pittsburgh and vicinity feel sincere sympathy for Christina.

An Iowa correspondent writes:—"I have seen nothing in the JOURNAL as regards the death of my friend, Mrs. Rose Moore Smith, of Des Moines, Ia., which I think would be very proper to mention. She was married to Mr. Russell Smith, on the 15th of October, 1884, and died on October 20th, 1885, of quick consumption, leaving a bright little boy, nearly four months old. The funeral was a very large one, the flowers were beautiful and abundant,—such as two pillows marked "Rose," anchor wreaths, crosses, and many baskets filled with flowers. Her death was a heavy blow to her husband, her parents, and her only sister. While a very large circle of friends mourn her loss, she has gone to rest, a sweet rest. Mrs. Smith was educated at the Council Bluffs Deaf-Mute Inst.—C.

Identified.

A week ago Saturday a deaf-mute was killed on the Troy and Boston railroad at Eagle Bridge. The remains were unidentified until last Saturday, when it was found he was one John Welsh, of Arlington, to which place the remains have been taken for interment.—Butland (Vt.) Review.

A Mute Martiellid Maniac.

Joseph Hall, a deaf and dumb youth, yesterday tried to kill his mother, a widow, who lives at Fort Chester, Westchester county. She scolded him for some indiscretion, and he pulled out a revolver and tried to shoot her. The cap fortunately failed to explode. He then attempted to commit suicide by swallowing a quantity of laudanum, which he had secreted in his pocket. His mother grabbed the bottle and dashed it to the floor before he had swallowed enough to do him any harm. He was arrested and will be sent to an asylum.—N. Y. Herald, Nov. 20.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Faculty Lectures.

FOOT-BALL—KENDALLS 27, HIGH SCHOOL 0.

Muscles.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Prof. Chickering delivered the first lecture of the Faculty course last evening. His subject was "Grass." "All flesh is grass" says the Bible, and before the lecturer was through, he proved that the Hebrew prophet expressed a literal as well as a figurative truth. The scientific definition of "grass" is, "a glumiferous, monocotyledon; herbaceous; with round, usually hollow, jointed stem; narrow, alternate leaves; fruit a caryopsis." This definition, as the botanist will perceive, includes wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, sugar cane, rice, bamboo, and a hundred other species. All the cereals are included, and as nine-tenths of the food of living beings is derived from them, the truth of the scriptural quotation becomes apparent.

The microscopic plant whose rapid multiplication causes the expansive power of yeast, begins the work of manufacturing the simple elements found in nature into those compounds, as starch, sugar and gum, on which animals may feed and live. Plants alone can take up inorganic matter and convert it into food for living creatures; it stands between life and death. But from the same material the same plant may make very different products. Thus the root of the rhubarb, or pie-plant, furnishes medicine, the stalk gives material for a palatable pie, and the leaves are poisonous when cooked as "greens."

Wheat is the best food cereal, furnishing the best material for both muscle and brains. It is said that great thinkers are very fond of bread. Wheat grows as far south as Georgia, and as far north as Canada, and within these latitudes the most civilized nations live and flourish. To make good bread requires great culinary skill, and if a prospective wife can make good bread she can be relied upon for ability to manage other household affairs. It may seem odd to speak of grass one hundred feet high, and yet this is the case with the bamboo in the east. There this plant is used for a great many purposes, such as houses, water-wheels, chairs, tables, boxes, hats, umbrellas, cups, shields, weapons, etc., and bamboo furniture is winning favor in this country, on account of its strength and lightness. The stems of most grasses are hollow; but it took man thousands of years to discover the advantages of tubular pillars, columns and bridges.

Probably we do not often think that a cool moist climate has any advantages over the tropical in the matter of vegetation; but such is the case in some respects. The smooth lawn of soft, velvety grass, which adds so much to the beauty of our homes, is unknown in the tropics, except on the mountains. A ship load of turf was once sent to Florida and planted and nursed with great care, but the grass died.

Every year the "grass" crop in the United States amounts in value to nearly two billions of dollars. Then it seems the old saying "Cotton is king," should give place to "Grass is king." The lecture was of a decidedly scientific character, but was liberally sprinkled with witty and humorous points which made it far from dry. A few of the students honored the occasion with their absence, but among those present were the most intelligent, and those best able to appreciate a good lecture, so that very little of the seed scattered was thrown upon barren ground.

Our foot-ball team seems to be in as good trim as ever, notwithstanding recent objections to playing distant clubs; and in a home game they will make their opponents warm, before they have hardly begun to work. Yesterday the High School eleven, which, next to the Kendalls, is considered the strongest and best organized team in the city, came up for a friendly game. While they did some excellent tacking, they were frequently mortified on getting their man safely down to find that the ball was at the other side of the field, and a Kendall man making rapid progress towards their goal. The home team easily won by a score of twenty-seven points to nothing. Lynch and Berg did some cool head-work in passing the ball, and little Leitner seemed always a dead weight to any opponent who tried to run toward our goal. The game was a neat and pretty one, wholly free from the roughness which sometimes makes foot-ball objectionable.

Mr. Adams, our gymnasium captain, gave an informal talk about "Muscles" this evening in the Lyceum. There are, he said, upwards of five hundred muscles in the human body, of which he could mention only the principal ones. Muscles are composed of fibrils, which, by their power of contracting, enable us to make all our movements. When muscles contract the blood is drawn to them, causing them to enlarge. The object of all gymnastic apparatus is to offer a resistance to this contraction. All muscles are attached to bones, which constitute the framework of the body. It is important that the names and

attachment of the muscles should be remembered. The following are the principal ones: Muscles of the Neck,—the Mastoideus, Trapezius, and Deltoideus; of the Arm,—the Biceps, Triceps, Pronator, Supinator, Flexors and Extensors; of the Breast,—Pectoralis Major, Oblique Abdominis, and Rectus Abdominis; of the Back,—Latissimus Dorsi, Erecta Spinae, Gluteus Maximus, Gluteus Medius; of the Thigh,—Biceps, Triceps, Iliacus, and Psoas; of the Leg,—Gastromemmus, and Tendon Achilles. Mr. Adams explained their attachments by means of the skeleton, and their position and operation by one of the students, and the means of developing them. The subject is worth understanding, and we wish we could explain it to our readers, but that can hardly be done without figures, and it had better be learned from a more extensive work on the subject. Blaikie's "How to get Strong," published by Harper & Bros., may be consulted with profit by those desiring to give special attention to physical development.

VARIETY.

Our wheelmen talk of arranging a bare and bound chase on their machines next Thursday. If the hounds don't catch the hares, the turkey will taste better.

The gymnasium rear guard is sometimes too large in proportion to the whole force. To the front, boys!

The Texas Ranger contains an article on our examinations, which may be read with profit by those who contemplate coming to College.

Prof. Chickering had the telescope turned upon Saturn the other evening. The rings around the planet were plainly seen.

One of our younger wheelmen tried to ride through the park at the intersection of Mass. and New York Aves., but was confronted by a knight of the star, who informed him that such a large "star" was not allowed in there.

Some arrangements have been made for the celebration of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet's birthday, on December 11th. Pres. Gallaudet and several other gentlemen will make short addresses. Prof. Porter will lend dignity to the occasion by presiding over the meeting.

A certain graduate of '81, having visited the college one evening, tried to get out by one of the doors at the end of the second floor hall, but, to his surprise, found it locked. We suppose four years out of college accounts for his not being able to distinguish the second floor from the first.

Dr. Gallaudet's sermon, last Sunday, was a scholarly one. Taking for his text, Christ's admonition, "Learn of me," he first went through the vocabulary of vice, and showed that Christ possessed none of these qualities, so that such things could not be learned from him; then it was shown that all the principal virtues were embodied in him, wherefore we may well follow his advice.

Student: "Is Mr. — a crank?" Professor, (who does not understand the question, but sees the other members of the class smile affirmatively, "Oh,—perhaps—probably—yes, yes!"

FRANK FRYXELL.

Nov. 21.

Mutes Marry.

(Louisville Post, Nov. 20.)

One of the most interesting weddings that has taken place in this city for some time was celebrated last night between Mr. J. Frederick and Miss Alice Peter, deaf-mutes. The wedding ceremony was solemnized in the parlors at the residence of the bride's mother, No. 531 East Gray street. Only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present. Rev. J. W. Roecker, of the Hancock and Market street German Methodist Church, assisted by the Rev. Job Turner, a mute divine, of Virginia, officiated. The ceremony was read aloud in English, but very slowly. The mute divine stood just to the side of the officiating minister, and facing the betrothed. As each word was pronounced, the preacher traced it on a book with his fingers, and the mute divine gave it expression in the mute language to the contracting couples. In this way the ceremony was intelligible to all and very impressive, though novel.

The bride was dressed in a handsome blue silk costume, and wore and carried large bouquet of flowers. Miss Ida Peter and Mr. Geo. Peter, sister and brother of the bride, stood up with them during the reading of the matrimonial contract.

The bride is a beautiful young lady, and is well-educated, and has many graces and accomplishments. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Peter, the well-known architect, then of the firm of Peter & McDonald. She lost her hearing, and consequently the power of articulating words, by the spotted fever when three years of age.

The groom is a young man, well-known in the city, and has received an excellent education in the colleges for the mutes. He is said to be one of the best cigarmakers in the city, and is employed in John Stier's factory.

The young couple received many presents and the hearty congratulations of their friends, and will start into housekeeping on Kentucky street, near Hancock.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

November 29.—Kalamazoo, 10:30 A.M.
" 29.—" 3:00 P.M.
" 29.—" 7:30 P.M.
" 30.—Detroit, 7:30 P.M.
December 27.—Flint, Mich. 7:30 P.M.

A MURDERER LYNCHED

MOB VENGEANCE ON A MAN CHARGED WITH KILLING A DEAF-MUTE.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 22, 1885.—News has just reached here of a lynching at Pineville, McDonald county, this State, which occurred on Saturday morning, and of which Irwin Grubb was the victim. In the latter part of last June Grubb killed Denson B. Anderson, a deaf-mute. They were travelling together and passed through Neosho, Newton county, on the 20th of June. A few days later Grubb again passed through Neosho, this time alone.

Several days afterward Anderson's body was found in the woods. Grubb was finally captured and placed in jail at Pineville. He made a confession, in which he said he killed Anderson in self defence. Later, however, he told another story, breaking down completely and acknowledging that he had committed the crime for money. On July 6th a mob attacked the jail and was repulsed by the sheriff and guards. Grubb was arraigned and pleaded not guilty, and was returned to jail to await trial.

Last Saturday morning, just before daylight, a crowd surrounded the jail, and, after making prisoners of the officers and guards, took the murderer and hanged him to a tree and then dispersed. This was the second lynching at the same place during the present year.

Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH.

The Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Committee of the Pennsylvania Association of Deaf-Mutes held a meeting the Philadelphia Institution, all its members being present.

Owing to the great pressure of business, Mr. Cullingworth tendered his resignation as Treasurer of the Committee, which was accepted with a vote of thanks. Believing that the election would give general satisfaction, the committee elected Prof. J. P. Walker, of this Institution, as Treasurer of what is to be known as "The Pennsylvania Branch of the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund." And, moreover, the committee selected the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society as the depository of all monies collected in the State.

Publication will be made from time to time of the condition of the fund.

As Mr. George Slifer could not be present at every meeting of the committee, on account of the state of his health, he sent in his resignation as a member of the committee; and President Syle appointed Prof. T. Jefferson Trist, of the Philadelphia Institution, as his successor.

Hereafter, the committee will consist of the following named gentlemen: J. T. Elwell, Chairman; R. M. Ziegler, Secretary; T. Jefferson Trist; W. R. Cullingworth; and J. S. Reider.

At the request of the committee, Prof. Amos G. Draper, of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., will deliver a lecture in the chapel of this Institution on the evening of December 10th, 1885, at half past eight o'clock. His subject will be "Fame and its Memorials," or, "Human Memorials." The proceeds of the lecture will be applied to the fund.

The price of admission to the lecture will be twenty-five cents.

The committee has prepared subscription-papers. Any deaf-mute in the State of Pennsylvania, who may be willing to collect subscriptions in aid of the said fund, may obtain a copy by addressing the Secretary.

The committee earnestly appeals to the deaf-mutes and their friends throughout the State to aid in the work, and, by their co-operation, promote the success of the project and assist in making the memorial one fitting, in every way, of the man—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the Pioneer of Deaf-Mute Education in America—it is designed to honor.

R. M. ZIEGLER, Secretary.

An investigator into the my mysteries of animal life asserts that a bee's working tools comprise a variety equal to that of the average mechanic. He says that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is only to be seen with the microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it became loaded while sucking up the nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, receives all the gleanings which the insect carries to the hive. Finally, by opening them, one upon another, by means of a hinge, these two pieces become a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the combs.

It Is Well to Remember.

That with contentment the lowest hovel is more of a palace than the loftiest mansion without it.

That while few are qualified to shine in company, it is in the power of most people to be agreeable.

That our homes are like instruments of music, of which a single discordant string destroys the sweetness.

That the path of life is beset with thorns, and that they who are not afraid to encounter them may gather the rare flowers that grow between.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THERE is a slight abatement of smallpox in Montreal.

FRENCH CANADIANS in Quebec have been holding an indignation meeting and denouncing the Dominion government for executing Riel. An extremely hostile feeling is reported to exist among Riel's countrymen in the Northwest Territory.

THE report of the Treasurer of Yale College for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1885, shows that the expenses of the College exceeded the income by \$11,334.00. The Theological, Law, and Art Schools were a little more than self-supporting, while the academic, scientific, and medical departments show deficits.

JAMES DEMPSEY reached Helena, Ark., last Monday, from Fort McGinnis, and tells a pitiable story of his two companions being devoured by wolves while on their way across the mountains. Their names were John Hoag and Jacob Schuller. Dempsey says he climbed a tree and saw them torn to pieces and devoured. Hoag was a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and Schuller, of Lafayette, Ind.

LATE on Tuesday afternoon the Spanish minister at Washington received a cablegram, sent from Madrid by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senor de Elduayen, stating that King Alfonso was stricken on Monday night with a violent disorder of the respiratory organs and was dangerously ill. The cablegram was sent from Madrid on Tuesday morning.

A CONVENTION of believers in the faith cure is being held in Pittsburg, Pa. The first session was held this morning in the chapel of the Third Presbyterian Church. Addresses were made by Mrs. Baxter, of England; the Rev. A. W. Simpson, of New York; Dr. John Cookman, of New York; the Rev. H. W. Brown, of Chicago, and Mrs. C. B. H. of Pittsburg. The convention will continue for several days.

The Colored Orphans Home in Chattanooga, Ten., was destroyed by fire this morning of Nov. 23d. Fifty-four children were inside the building when it took fire, but all were rescued without accident. They are temporarily lodged in the city hospital buildings. The home was insured and will at once be replaced by a larger building. It was erected by Mrs. Steele, a Massachusetts lady, and sold to a stock company of leading citizens.

THE New York Herald of November 25th says:—"The Industrial Education Association held a special meeting yesterday afternoon at No. 31 University place. President Webb, of the College of the city of New York, who occupied the chair, spoke of the industrial education now given in the college, and William E. Dodge gave a glowing account of the good work of the association among the schools in the South. 'If young people,' said he, 'were taught how to use their hands as well as their heads, there would not be so many college graduates working for \$3 a week when

Society Elections.

STRAY ITEMS.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

The "Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society"—that's how it reads now, the "Anderson" having been dropped—held its semi-annual election on November 21st. Heretofore officers were elected annually, but the term was shortened to six months by the Revision Committee. The following are the gentlemen who will steer the Only Greatest on to wealth and fame till next May. President, John Hahn; Vice President, James Luning; Sec'y, Joe Kelly; Treasurer, John Barriek; "Senate-at-Arms," (as a member calls it) A. Boos; Librarian, C. E. Knorr.

The Pope recently recommended American Catholics to penetrate wherever possible in civil government, and perhaps that has something to do with it, as the President, Vice Pres't and Sec'y are Catholics, having been elected over "infidels." By the semi-annual report of the Treasurer it seems the society is doing well. The following summary may be of interest to other societies: Balance from last year, \$362.06; Receipts, \$251.00; Expenditures, \$176.64; Balance on hand at date, \$436.42. Probably so society in the country has had no much fun poked at it, as the Only Greatest, but it seems to lead them all in its bank account. It hasn't as many honorary members as the honorable Pas-a-Pas Club, and perhaps the members couldn't compare with "the high-toned boys of the high-toned Gallaudet Club," *et al.* but when it comes to cash it usually makes the rifle. It can not, however, show a record to be very proud of. For instance, if any body proposed to donate \$50 of its wealth to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, as the M. L. A. did, it would simply paralyze them, and they'd have to be taken home in patrol wagons. It is, according to a member of the lamented Executive Committee, a "charitable purposes" society—that is, it will allow a small sum weekly to a sick member who happens to be "solid" with the management.

I regret being obliged to confess to "Todd" that I have not anything to say this time, only don't lay all the blame on my shoulders.

While I am very glad to see that "Cactus" agreed with me on the Garfield bust photograph matter, and that I don't stand unsupported, let me suggest in the mildest way I know how that enough has been said on the subject. If any one wants to blow me up for what I wrote, they will find me at home every time, but to my friends, I say, drop it. Many thanks to my brother type-lifter, all the same.

Peddlers? Oh, St. Matt! Oh, "Solid Muldoon!" list to me, and then put craps on your hnts. There is a gentleman in this city by the name of Thorpe, a semi-mute, on the staff of the *Commercial Gazette*, who recently started a cigar store in connection with his literary labors, and not satisfied with the small amount of custom he gets, declared his intention, in the presence of several of the boys, of hiring a lot of deaf-mutes to peddle stogies for him. He was smoking one of those at the time, and said it was better than the Henry Clay that projected from between the pearly teeth of your own special ink-slinger. Perhaps it was; if so, he is welcome to keep them himself, all of 'em.

That fellow Champlain is loafing round town letting his mother take in washing to support him.

On November 19th, Jesse Hoagland bade adieu, (not very tearful,) to this city, to its ugly climate, to its "charitable purposes," only greatest, etc., and hid him to Jacksonville, Fla., in search of health. May be find it, is the wish of all his friends. Mr. Hoagland has worked in this city many years, and his departure is a greater loss to the community than the average mute knows how to appreciate. The *JOURNAL* may expect some mercurial effusions from the orange belt.

Have any of the *JOURNAL* readers tried that electric hearing aid? A few words from some one who has, would be of interest.

Frank Christman is out of work, the *Commercial Traveler*, on which he was a compositor, having been purchased by Chicago parties.

On Thanksgiving evening, the Society will give an exhibition of magic shadows. John Hahn is running it.

Your correspondent recently received a box of specimens from the Colorado mines mentioned by Solid Muldoon, and returns sincere thanks to the sender. They make very nice mantel ornaments, and I tell visitors I dug them up myself. It was only by heroic treatment that I was cured of a severe attack of western fever they gave me.

Three members resigned from the society recently, Messrs. Blount, Hoagland and Christman.

Mr. Anderson, the mute barber, is now centrally located in Newport, and is doing a thriving business, both wielding the razor and selling cigars and tobacco. His house is the rendezvous for Newport deaf mutes, and he has many visitors from Cincinnati also.

Mr. Bottenwieser has formed a partnership with a speaking gentleman to manufacture a freight car seal

and lock. As the article is not yet patented, I will not describe it at present. As it is a contrivance for which it seems there must be a great demand, he will probably soon become a "bloated bondholder."

The correspondent, who wrote that Mr. C. S. Deem was herding cattle in Colorado, was a little off. He was staying with his sister there, and had not the slightest intention of making cowboying an occupation.

Is it not a fact that editors of mute papers have a larger waste basket, in proportion, than any other editors? At least one would think so from what ambitious correspondents say. Any way, paper is cheap.

Queer that the *Advocate*, located so near, has not had a single subscriber in this city for these many years, and the writer has not seen a copy since he was at school, some six or seven years ago, and thought it had suspended. One would think Rev. Frank Reid was an amateur in editing as well as in preaching.

Am reliably informed that a New York mute, who is not quite unknown these columns, takes his ears to a Third Avenue laundry to be cleaned! Costs him eight cents a week! Whether are we drifting?

Nov. 22, 1885.

FREE LANCE.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Mr. Theodore Michael, who has been sick for two weeks, is improving, and the mutes wish him a speedy recovery.

John Ricker, a deaf-mute, formerly a resident here, but now of Maplewood, Ind., was in the city on the 13th, looking after his property, that comes from his deceased mother. Mr. Ricker visited Charles Steinwenter at the Court House.

Mr. Walter M. Peck has opened a shoe-shop opposite the new State House, where he is ready to do all kind, of boot and shoe repairing, and any of the mutes who wish repairing done, should call on him at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Hack, of Mount Jackson, Ind., were surprised by their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hesse, and another mute, calling on them last Sunday evening, the 15th.

Mrs. Walter Peck will go to Terre Haute, Ind., with his son soon, to spend a few weeks with her parents.

Mrs. William Kingsbury and children have decided to take a long trip to Greenburg, Milton, Ind., and Illinois on Christmas.

Miss Lizzie Dunn, of Ridgeway, Ind., talks of coming to this city after New Year's, to visit her old classmate, Mrs. Sadie Hesse.

Nellie Given is again on the sick list, with rheumatism.

Miss Ida Lamb, who graduated at the Institution, is working for Mr. and Mrs. Todd.

Charlie W. Fox is now living at New Mexico, Ind., where he is engaged in a bakery.

Charlie E. Willetts, the only wealthy deaf-mute of this city, who resides on West New York Street says business is plenty in his cooper shop that it never gets dull, and his wages amount to \$20 a week.

Mr. Girard, who was discharged from the Spiegel, Thomas Cabinet Factory, a few days ago, will return to his old Michigan home soon.

Miss Lizzie Williams, of New Britain, Ind., had a pleasant call from a semi-mute gentleman last Saturday, the 14th.

Mr. McKee, a teacher at the Institution, lectured to the pupils in the chapel last Sabbath morning.

Mrs. Hesse and Miss Lizzie Pfaff attended the Dime Museum yesterday, and had a pleasant time.

Nov. 20, 1885.

Montreal.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—It was during the month of February last that I had the pleasure of writing to your excellent paper, and I now do so again. It is with much thankfulness I tell that the small-pox epidemic is fast decreasing. There were only 26 deaths yesterday. Last month the death rate averaged 70 a day. The small-pox is almost all confined to the poor French in the eastern and southern parts of the city. I think it has done a little good in giving a lesson to the Health Officers. If the cholera comes, they are prepared. The epidemic has taken off 27,000 French and Roman Catholics and only 36 Protestants. We, at the Mackay Institution, are far out of the city, and are safe and sound. There is not a case around here. I must stop telling you about small-pox, but tell you how we are getting on.

The boys have made a large slide of wood, 23 feet high, and we are waiting for the snow to fall, and then what nice times we will have tobogganing. We would be very happy to give you as many rides as you like down hill.

We have a new drawing teacher, and the pupils like her. Her name is Miss Crawford, a pupil of Robert Harris, R. C. A. We have another new teacher in the literary departments, named Miss Hepburn, who takes Miss Terrill's place. Miss Terrill has resigned, much to our sorrow.

We have a new carpenter from England, who is a first-class cabinet-maker. He resides in the Institution.

Our superintendent, Miss McGann, tried to get a deaf and dumb carpenter from the Institution at Flint, but failed, so our directors got this young man. He is a hearing and speaking man.

We have some new pupils this session. After Christmas six of our old pupils will return, who are now afraid

to come on account of the small-pox.

I have no more news to write down, except to inform you that our old drawing teacher, Mr. Macnaughton, has sailed for England. He will travel on the continent for a year, after he completes his art course at the University in London.

We miss Mr. Chas. Meech, our old classmate, very much. He graduated in June last. He has now a good situation in the Interior department of the Parliament at Ottawa, and is earning a good salary.

I had almost forgotten to mention the good time we had on Thanksgiving Day, November 13th. After we had eaten a tempting dinner, we repaired to the boys' room and conversed with them and looked at their picture books and magazines till two of the directors came to visit the Institution, then they talked with us. After tea, we again assembled and acted many charades and played games till 9:30, when we retired.

We miss the Sunday visits of the ministers. Before the small pox came, one or two of them came out every Sabbath at 3 o'clock and conducted service, which was translated to us in signs, but now our superintendent allows no visitors, for fear they might bring small-pox. We hope in a few weeks to be able to welcome all visitors again.

We have a pupil here from Flint, named C. Baker, also one from the town of Belleville.

JESSIE MACFARLANE.

Columbus, O.

Boys' Attendant Patterson, a brother of the professor, was down with a fever several days, but we are happy to see him about again.

Mr. Holycross, lately of Dayton, O., has been home a good while. He now works in the Columbus *Gazette* office. He was at the Clonian Society last Sunday evening, and acted as one of the three judges. As chairman he announced the decision *a la Foraker*—neither for or against it. Which means the debate was a draw in the opinion of the judges. The question was, "Which makes the most apt scholar, books or newspapers?" The President, however, gave his casting vote in favor of books.

One of our girls, Miss Young, an orphan, is reported to be dangerously sick.

A son of Prof. De Motte, once a superintendent of a western Institution, is assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. here. He was at the Institution the other day, offering the teacher extra inducements to join the association.

Mr. Hutton, formerly of Cleveland, does fine stone cutting work on the new government post-office in this city. He was educated in an English deaf-mute school, and has two small children at school here.

Miss Ida White, a June graduate, who has been making home with Mr. and Mrs. McGregor for a good while put on her appearance at the Institution in Sunday afternoon, looking as bright as fairy.

A propensity for stealing money by one of our large boys prepared his way out of the Institution in a very summary manner. He was given every chance to reform by our kind superintendent, but he would not.

A determined contest in the circuit court, of Cincinnati, has delayed the political complexion of our next Legislature. Should the court decide against the Democratic senators, then both branches will be republican.

Our genial steward, Mr. W. A. Williams, is under the weather, suffering from slight trouble with his eyes. For this reason, he has been obliged to keep his office-room darkened.

The last arrival last week was Jonathan Moore, of Hamilton, O., a fine, manly fellow, of twenty-four years. Association with a neighbor mute graduate has made him somewhat proficient in signs only.

The bookbinding is well nigh shut down for the present. Such repeated interruptions have caused some complaints among its employees.

Ed. Dandon is still home. He does not seem to cast an anxious eye in the direction of St. Louis, as his next season field of baseball operations.

Thomas McGuinness resides with his family on North Seventh Street, No. 175. He will have a vacation soon, when invoicing will take place at his mill.

A gentle falling of snow all day was a feature of our Sunday weather today.

The Institution had a guest in the person of Mrs. Anna M. Byers, its last summer resigned teacher, for a day or two last week. She seemed to be in the enjoyment of improved health.

Willie Rose, our baker friend, was spending about an hour with the boys in the A and B study Sunday evening. He may be found at his old place of business, to which he has stuck since he left school.

One of our mute teachers has been paid his life policy of one thousand dollars. Another will be similarly served next December. They cast their bread upon the waters fifteen years ago.

Prof. Haskins preached in the chapel to-day, taking for his text, the subject of industry, and after which Miss Summer signed a piece, as accompaniment, in her usual attractive manner.

FIRE BUGS.

The three brothers, Davis—John, William and James—are locked up in the City Prison. All of them are deaf mutes, and are ready to apply the incendiary torch on release. Charley, the fire bug proper, is the one that is wanted, but as he could not be found his three younger brothers were taken in on general principles. They are suspected of not only attempting to fire Duncan residence on East State street, but it is thought

they have been up to other attempted blazing. The second door east of the Davis residence was set on fire by them and promptly extinguished.

On Washington avenue a German gentleman found a pile of shavings and a lot of coal oil on top of it. Happily the match was not applied and there was no call for the fire department. The Davis mutes were seen about the premises. These irresponsible boys should in some way be taken in charge and secloded so that the property owners of the city may sleep in peace. There is an extended scare about them.—*Times*.

News from San Francisco.

Last October 10th, the Deaf-Mute Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association held its regular monthly meeting for election of officers during the ensuing year, and resulted in the election of Theo. Grady as President; F. B. Shattuck, Vice-President; Recording Secretary, W. T. Williams; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronsohn; Treasurer, Jno. H. McCoy; and Sergeant-at-arms Thomas B. Winslow. A better selection of officers could not have been made, and we feel assured that the deaf-mute branch will continue to prosper under their control of the new officers.

The deaf-mute branch, at its regular meeting on last Thursday evening, unanimously resolved, that the annual festival for Christmas tree was to be given to their friends and public in general. The price of admission is fifty cents, and children free. The date of the affair will be given shortly, and we hope that it will be a grand success.

Over one hundred and fifty persons are expected to be present. Great preparations for a fine programme and decorations are being made by members.

Last October 30th, Mr. Theo. Grady, our popular and efficient President was the recipient of a big surprise party at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, under the auspices of the members of the Deaf-Mute Branch, under the leadership of Mrs. H. B. Crandall, of Oakland, and Mrs. A. L. Williams, of San Francisco. The whole affair was a decided success. It is said that Mr. Grady will go to Europe shortly, to attend some private business, and he will be back in about six months.

We have the great pleasure to announce that Miss Kate Crandall, one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Crandall, is engaged to a young man by the name of Daniel Metcalf, and the marriage will take place about spring. We wish to congratulate them, and hope they will prosper in life.

CAPT. SPARKS.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I beg leave to assure you that while in Washington, D. C., I learned from a reliable gentleman that the old Gallaudet Statue at the Hartford Institute for Deaf Mutes is rather cracked in many places and was, in fact, built at the expense of the mutes of New England. By the way, the above fact has since led me to withdraw my plea in favor of the establishment of a memorial school instead of the monument to commemorate the late Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, who, let it be borne in mind, founded the first school for the education of deaf-mutes in America.

Suppose, if it had not been for him, What would have become of us, the mutes? To show our appreciation for his past services for the cause, let us, the silent community, contribute money by all means to build a large handsome bronze monument or Statue on the grounds of the National College for mutes, in honor of the illustrious pioneer.

To the deaf mutes of the South, I appeal you to help us in this worthy matter by sending in money, as most of you are enjoying the blessings of a good education (the language) being begun by our much respected benefactor at the Old Hartford School. I suggest that those who (mutes) are very lucky in money matters, send in large sums money for the purpose. Let them give \$500 or \$1000 each.

Laying aside the subject, my attention was called to reply to my letter in the *JOURNAL* some time ago of Hon. Clement R. Thomson, one of my old classmates, in which he made a bold declaration that it would cost \$100,000 to build a Scientific Hall at Kendall Green, for mutes. I differ with him, and unhesitatingly claim that a plain one could be set up for \$15,000 or \$25,000, to accommodate a certain number students for generations to come. The fact being that very costly and opulent buildings would not do any good, but merely direct the attention of students from their studies. Unlike him, I like plain things, but he has a right to his own tastes or fancies, though I candidly deem it bad taste to have too much money wasted in building up splendid halls or houses. Real sensible persons would not do such things. Above is my theory. I am not hard on Mr. Thomson, but it was he that saw fit to rise and criticize my letter (preceding one) published in the *JOURNAL*, though I was glad for him to do so.

Kindly excuse this long letter. With best wishes for the success of your paper.

Respectfully,

R. B. LAWRENCE.

Geo. W. Schutt's Appointments.

Sunday, Nov. 29th.—Kingston, N. Y., 2:30 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 30th.—Trinity Church West Troy, N. Y., 10:30 a.m.

Sunday, Dec. 20th.—St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y., 2:30 p.m.

Washington D.C., Notes.

Yesterday morning, at the Calvary Baptist Church, Prof. Gordon interpreted Rev. Mr. Green's sermon and prayers for the benefit of the deaf. There was a large attendance of the deaf. Hon. Amos Kendall, Postmaster General under Jackson's Administration, who had founded the Columbia Institution for the deaf, founded that church in memory of his wife.

Rev. Dr. Elliott will hold a monthly service for the deaf in the Church of Ascension, Sunday, December 6th. He is a kind and warm friend of the deaf's cause.

His cousins, Misses Annie and Kate Elliott, are employed in the Government service, and their family is of Huguenot descent. Their ancestors came from France and settled in South Carolina.

I have seen in the *Churchman* and the *Living Church* (both protestant episcopal organs) almost every week good accounts of Rev. A. W. Mann's fruitful church work in the West. He successfully makes many deaf communicants, and is a good Evangelist.

A synopsis of the circular issued by the Gallaudet Centennial Executive Committee, was printed in the *Washington Post, Star and Critic* last Saturday, and also in the *Sunday Capitol, Chronicle and Gazette* appealing the public to send contributions to Mr. C. K. W. Strong, Agent.

I suggest that agents in all the States should get city newspapers to publish that circular or its abstract. The agent for the District of Columbia intends to solicit contributions from not only the deaf, but from the hearing and speaking capitalists, to swell the statue fund.

The deaf residents in this beautiful Capital seriously talk of forming a social and literary society, styled the Gallaudet and Clerc Club, of Washington, D. C. It is a good idea.

Mr. John Donnell, of the U. S. Pension Office, is spending his vacation in Tennessee where his departed wife lived. He will return here soon after Thanksgiving.

The idea of the presentation of silver plate to Gallaudet and Clerc by the New England deaf-mutes in 1851, originated with the venerable Thomas Brown, of New Hampshire. With whom did the idea of the erection of the Gallaudet monument and Clerc bust in Hartford, Ct., originate?

COLUMBIA.

Nov. 23, 1885.

The Alphabet for the Deaf and Dumb.

The honor of the invention of sign-language, which enables the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, is given to a French priest, the Abbe de l'Epee. Two others indeed Heinicke, a German, and Pereira, a Spanish Jew, devised a similar method but they held theirs for a price and wished to be paid roundly for what they did, while the French priest found a sufficient reward in the relief he gave to an unfortunate class. How he came to hit upon the invention, is thus told in the Nineteenth Century.

Having occasion to visit a certain widow, the Abbe de l'Epee found her on his arrival, absent from home, and only two young girls, her daughters, sitting in the room and sewing. The two girls received the Abbe respectfully, but in total silence. To all questions he addressed to them they made no answer. Upon the arrival of the mother the good priest expressed his surprise at this extraordinary behavior of her daughters. "Ah," sadly answered the woman. "It is not their fault; they were both born deaf and dumb." The Abbe, filled with pity, asked if there were no means of helping them, and the mother told him that a priest, the Father Vanin (who, with the Abbe de Champs, had made some efforts on behalf of the deaf and dumb) had for some time instructed them, but since his death there was no one else to do it. This was the inducement, which caused the Abbe de l'Epee to begin his first institution for deaf-mutes at Paris, in 1790, where he continued to work indefatigably until his death, which took place in 1796. His memory is still, and will ever be held in veneration, and in Paris an annual dinner is given to the deaf and dumb of that city on the anniversary of his birth.

The Gallaudet Club.

On the 10th of December, the Gallaudet Club will give a banquet at Clark's, 23d Street and Fifth Avenue, which will eclipse anything of the kind ever held in this city.

Several distinguished gentlemen have been invited and have signified their intention to be present.

One of the features of the banquet will be the speeches and toast making, and is doubtful whether the delicate viands which begin the banquet will be enjoyed as much as the oratory that concludes it.

A bulky contribution towards the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial will be made. The members of the club have been busy collecting subscriptions for the past three or four weeks, and nearly every one of them reports that his mission has proved successful.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1885.

VICTIM NO. 33.

Ozro Kimball, a deaf-mute, of Winchester, Mass., was instantly killed on a railroad near Boston, on November 19th. He was sixty-five years old. How many more are going in the same way?

VICTIM NO. 34.

An unknown deaf-mute was killed on the railroad near Davenport, Ia., on November 1st.

That Lawsuit.

SPLINTERS.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

A buzz of sensation was caused in the deaf-mute circles of this city by the suit brought against Mrs. Reighart by Mr. Herr, of Louisville, Ky. The young lady has always stood high in our esteem, and sympathy is entirely on her side. Herr has very little regard for truth, and he has been continually getting himself into scrapes, and in every case, he appealed to her for pecuniary assistance, of which she freely gave him, little dreaming she was nursing a viper. His debts to her amounted to more than the value of the farm, and he gave it to her in consideration of past favors without exacting a promise of marriage from her. The whole trouble was caused by a desire on his part to satisfy his morbid thirst for revenge, because she refused to give him \$1,600, which he asked her to loan him to start in business with a saloon-keeper. Very little anxiety, however, is felt for Mrs. Reighart by her many Chicago friends, as we are certain she will be able to prove to the satisfaction of all that her transactions with him have been thoroughly honest.

Last accounts say "Dummy" O'Neal has been sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years.

Mr. Ed. Lefi is expected to be in Chicago by the 21st, of this month, and will probably stay long enough to help his friends to partake of the Turkey dinner on Thanksgiving.

Mr. Raffington received some very fine specimens of ore from Mr. Martindale, of Colorado. They elicited admiration from our famous chemist.

A very fishy story, branded L. L., has been in circulation among the deaf-mutes of this city. Among other things, it says Mr. Lars Larson went to New Mexico with only \$210, with which he bought cattle, and sold them to the United States Government for a fortune of \$22,000. Now, Mr. Bowes, what do you think of it?

Mr. Parish, of the firm of Barnes & Parish, real estate agents, and formerly the Steward of the Wisconsin Institution, was seen at the Polls, peddling tickets.

"When in Rome, talk Roman," an unsophisticated youth, from the East, was pounded almost to a jelly, the other day, for calling Chicago a town of gamblers.

Five deaf-mutes, whose names are not yet learned, are working in the stock yards.

The "unsophisticated youth," so poetically described by "Cactus," is a tall, gaunt saturnine man, "bearded like a Pard," and who has seen a decade of ups and downs in life. We made no insinuations of the Kansas City deaf-mutes' society, but simply their inability to originate some appropriate name for their club. From "Cactus's" confession of the terror they seem to have of high kicking, we are convinced that they have no ability to organize and maintain a society. We do not pass the hat around; in fact, never did. The Pas-a-Pas Club boys pay their dues with the regularity of the pendulum.

We hail the reappearance of "Jim Jams" in the *JOURNAL* with indescribable joy.

A mass meeting of all the deaf-mutes living in and around Chicago, is to be held at Fawcett Hall on the 12th of December, to raise funds for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. Come one and all, and contribute your mite.

To see "Cactus" grumbling for the Garfield bust photograph reminds us of a child whining for a new doll.

It is very astonishing that he did not have the courage to advocate the principle some years ago, if he had anything to say. We need not confound the Gallaudet Memorial Fund Committee with the Garfield Committee. Suppose every deaf-mute were to be rejected on applying for a job as a rule on account of the misdoings of a previous deaf-mute, there would be a howl in the silent community. That rule could be put into principle. Wait till we hear of the Garfield Committee soliciting funds for another scheme, and then we can raise Cain for principle.

Detective White is looking along the freight trains coming in from Colorado for the dumb peddler, Cameron, for, of course, it is expected he will be shipped in a freight car box.

The following items are extracted from the *New Albany Ledger*:—

Edward O. Herr, a deaf-mute printer, of Louisville, has brought suit in the chancery court at Louisville for \$4,000 damages against Annie L. Reighart, also a deaf-mute, who has long been a resident of New Albany and has many acquaintances in this city. Herr alleges that under her promise to marry him he deeded a farm and gave certain other property to Annie, and that after she had received the deeds she then refused to keep her engagement to marry him. He sues to recover back the property. The young lady's side of the case, however, remains to be heard. Her friend in New Albany states that there is no truth in Herr's allegations, as Mrs. Reighart will be able to show on trial of the case.

Ed. LEBER:—I wish to make a correct statement of the facts in the case of E. O. Herr against Mrs. H. L. Reighart, a suit brought in Chancery court at Louisville to recover property of Mrs. Reighart. The facts are substantially as follows:—Last winter E. O. Herr discovered that his mother had defrauded him (so he claimed) out of a piece of property willed to him from his grandfather. This caused him to fall out with his mother and leave his home. He came over to New Albany and boarded on Market street. He sued his mother to recover his property; but having no money the lawyers gave up the case. He then came crying to Mrs. A. L. Reighart and told her his troubles, begging her to stand by him in the suit to recover his property. He said he had no friends in the world but her,

and promised her that whatever money was gotten over and above what she spent he would make her a present of it, for he would rather lose every dollar than be cheated out of it by his mother. Mrs. Reighart being a mute like himself, and knowing him many years took pity on him and at her own risk lent him her money and stood by him to the end, when he recovered part of his property. There was no word or promise of marriage when the contract was made or since. She has repeatedly given him large sums of money; also gave him the money to purchase the lot mentioned on Second street in the city of Louisville. It will be clearly shown in court that Mrs. A. L. Reighart's transactions throughout were honest in every particular. Mrs. Reighart is on a visit to relatives at present, and Herr knowing this takes advantage of her absence.

"NEW ALBANY, NOV. 5."

FANWOOD.

How Harvey Prindle Peet's Birthday was Celebrated.

DR. FROTHINGHAM'S SUDDEN DEATH.

Hare and Hounds-Hungary-Other Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The annual celebration of Harvey P. Peet's birth took place on Thursday, the 19th inst. Fourteen years have elapsed since he went to that "bourne from which no traveler returns," and since then it has been the custom to set apart the nineteenth day of November of each year as a holiday, and by holding proper exercises in the chapel thus perpetuate the memory of his name as being one of the foremost benefactors of the deaf and dumb. Accordingly, the pupils assembled in the chapel at nine o'clock, and their instructors in turns recalled anecdotes of the worthy father of the P. P. Peet.

Prof. Fox led off with the same oration he delivered at the Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, last August, followed by Profs. Mann, Jones, Currier, and the other teachers. The proceedings were rendered more impressive and entertaining by the delivery, in concerted signs, the "Twenty-third Psalm," by a choir of girls.

Before the conclusion of the chapel exercises, George H. Peet, the principal's son, brought in the sad and shocking news of

DR. FROTHINGHAM'S DEATH,

which resulted from the accidental discharge of one of the chambers of his revolver, which he was supposed to be in the act of cleaning for the purpose of putting out of existence the large dog which his daughter proposed giving away, on account of being worthless. Dr. Frothingham, who lived in a handsome Gothic three-story brick building on St. Nicholas Avenue and 157th Street, was well known at the Institution as consulting physician and as a member of the Board of Directors. His reputation, as a skillful doctor in Upper New York was wide, and his services to the Institution were gratuitously given without the hope of reward. In consideration of all these, Dr. Peet offered resolutions of regret and sympathy, to be tendered to the family of the deceased, which was unanimously adopted. The news of his death spread like wild fire, and the long accounts in the evening and morning papers were eagerly read. On the following Sunday, his funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church on Washington Heights, and was largely attended. Nearly all the officers and teachers were present, including Misses Frankie Hawkins and Georgie Decker, two of the pupils, who are members of the church. The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

Rev. G. S. Payson, Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Stoddard, and Rev. Dr. Bliss officiated at the funeral ceremonies. The church was filled to overflowing, standing room not being attainable even in the aisles. Several members of our Board of Directors were among those who were present to pay their last sad tribute of respect for the dead. Men of eminence whom Dr. Frothingham had numbered among his personal friends and the poor whom he had befriended wept together side by side. Rev. Dr. Stoddard's eulogy on the departed was very affecting and brought tears to the eyes of many of his hearers.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

In the afternoon, Prof. T. F. Fox appeared on the boys' play-ground, and pulling out his time piece, it was almost two o'clock. The hares, Messrs. McMickle and Fogle, with large bags of paper strapped to their side, appeared before him under the weight of their burden, and, at two o'clock sharp, he started them off, who, by agreement, had ten minutes to get away from their pursuers. The hounds, who started off on a brisk trot ten minutes later, were Messrs. U. G. Dunn, W. H. Rose, J. H. Geary, Wm. McVea, A. Salmon, F. Russell, Wm. Hanson, G. McConnell, E. McKernan and A. Sinclair. The hares returned in an hour, and the hounds twenty-five minutes later, declaring the trail was unfair, as no notice or signal was given that they were returning home.

Shortly after this, another chase took place. As the story goes, Willie Coombs and W. W. Watson were to be the hares. Coombs felt so secure in his position as hare that he previously handed the hounds a note, reading as follows:

"Dear Hounds—We, the Hares, will start on Thursday, November 19th, of the present year, at 2:15 P.M. What we wish to say is that all of you, the Hounds, will never capture us for any. Poor Hounds, do not be troubled."

"THE HARES."

The hounds took this sarcasm quietly, for perhaps they considered it wise to do so, and when the time came for the chase Willie Coombs became a bound, putting Isaac Brockman in his place. The hares were allowed seven minutes start and went in direction of High Bridge, but the hounds got discouraged on the ground that the hares cheated, and returned home, without going very far. As we met them in the evening, both the hares and hounds were quite warmed up in literary combat as to what they ought to do, and what they hadn't ought to do.

The Hare and Hounds Club held another meeting on the 23d, and elected Messrs. Gallagher and Hanson as hares. The chase will take place on December 5th.

Albert Metzger, the Institution gardener, is the possessor of a large number of hens. Last Saturday, three of the boys moved by an evil impulse, carried away one of these birds with the intention of having a good meal. They straightway proceeded to behead it with a "chip, chippy chopper, on a big black block," but the "Poo Bah" of the occasion and his assistants had not time to pull its feathers out, before Prof. Jones found them preparing a fire in his shop. The hen was taken to the Superintendent's office and their names reported. We think they will miss a good Turkey dinner on Thanksgiving day.

There was a ripple of excitement Monday morning over an attempt at robbery in one of the school rooms occupied by Prof. Fox. His desk was broken open and his writing material and books strewn over the floor. What is strange is that, instead of opening the closets with keys that were in the desk, there were marks showing an attempt to pry it open with a jimmy. Nothing of any consequence was stolen, and it is difficult to tell which way suspicion is pointed—to the pupils or to an outsider. It is thought that the robbers mistook the room for Dr. Peet's office.

George Fisher visited the Prison and Insane Asylum on Blackwell's Island last Saturday.

Supervisor Howell has adorned the third finger of his right hand with a cameo ring of majestic proportions.

Dennis Sullivan, who became famous at the Institution when he was a pupil, as an artist of considerable talent, came up in the still hours of the night with William Ennis, and as quietly disappeared. He is taking lessons from an artist on 14th Street.

"Willie" Porter's visit to the school last Sunday, with his wife, made every one glad for the time being.

Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, arrived in New York on the 23d and called on his Institution friends. He has had a steady place in Van Benhuyzen's Printing House, ever since he left school about three years ago. He will remain in New York a week.

Richard Tweed went to see his mother in Brooklyn, who is on a visit there from the West Indies. On the 5th of December, she goes to Barbades Island, where her brother has been sent by President Cleveland as Consul.

William G. Shanks, Valedictorian of '85, writes to a friend here, from the Capital City, Albany, that he obtained a good situation under his brother's firm, as upholsterer. He says he has, for a few weeks, been upholstering chairs and lounges in the Senate Chamber, hanging shades in the governors and all the State officers' rooms in the Capitol building.

Mrs. O'Benner and Miss Ellis, of Syracuse, speaking friends of Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown were to see how deaf-mutes are educated on the 24th. They said Nye was a first class rhememaker, and lives in comfort with his wife.

AQUILA.

A Trip to Montecito.

A more pleasant visit could not be made by any deaf-mute in California than to take a trip to the beautiful and pleasant place of Montecito in Santa Barbara, Cal., where dwells several very accomplished mute families. These families are from Eastern States and have but a few years before located here, and therefore are scarcely known to our western friends. Montecito is about forty five miles from where I reside. Learning of them being there some time before, I concluded to make a visit there and enjoy the sign-language once more, after being left almost in a secluded condition on a farm for year, with only the hearing people around me, and whose society I had been accustomed to although I am a mute. Of course, I enjoy the hearing people's society, but in nine cases out of ten I am left in the worst place, and that is all because I can't hear. I had an occasional visit from one or two of my old schoolmates who live at a great distance from my home, and it is not easy for us to meet often.

It was one beautiful September morning, I made arrangements for the trip to Montecito. Taking my sister along with me, as she was on her way to Santa Barbara city, where she goes to a convention to which she had been elected a delegate from Springville. She was to remain there several days, while I could make and enjoy visits to the mutes, whom I had never seen before.

We started late in the morning, expecting to arrive at Carpenter early in the evening, but our journey went much slower than we expected, as we went by the long route over the mountain instead of taking the beach road. By noon we reached the canyon leading to the pass, which I am told affords the grandest and most beautiful scenery in the county. But also we were disappointed, as it was in the fall time and the vegetation had all up and took fire, which destroyed every thing on the way except the live oak trees. The place all way along the road side looked as black as could be, because of the burnt vegetation.

Our journey was long and tiresome, as the road over the mountains was so winding. For instance, you could see the road ahead of you only a few yards off, but a deep gulch or canyon lies before you, so you have to follow it up or down sometimes half mile when you cross it and return where you had been but a few yards off on the other side. This road over the mountain is

estimated to be reached at sundown. We have over the mountain, and now here is the Valley in sight, with its many substantial residences, and its numbers of live oak trees, with many beautiful farms and orchards. At one of the houses here we stopped for the night. The next morning we went on about three miles further, where reside one of my mute schoolmates. This is Mr. Norman Lambert, who resides with his parents near the hills. His house is almost hidden away in the midst of large oak trees, surrounded by low mountains.

Here I stopped for several days, enjoying myself in hunting, boat riding, fishing, etc.

I have omitted to say that Carpenter is along the coast only a few hundred yards from the shore. So Mr. Lambert's home is but a quarter of mile off.

My friend, Norman Lambert volunteered to go with me and help share in the pleasure of talking.

All the mutes here are well situated and seem to be perfectly satisfied with the country.

They have beautiful places with orange and lemon orchards. One or two of these I visited, and was shown all over their place, and here I find their lemons and oranges as delicious as any I ever tasted since my sixteen years residence in California.

My visit there was but a day, yet a very brief day, and the time passed on so swiftly, I failed to call upon some other mutes of whom I had heard of but never seen.

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Rogers, Peet & Co.

Sell everything worn

by men and boys,
and employ a
deaf-mute
salesman,

Mr. A. L. Thomas.

Broadway & Prince Street.

"Let those laugh now who never
And those who always laughed now
laugh the more."

GRAND PANTOMIC ENTERTAINMENT

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To be given in connection with the

FOURTH ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF THE

CATHOLIC LITERARY

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF MUTES,

AT THE

Lexington Avenue Opera House,

58th Street bet. 3d and Lexington

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Tuesday Evening, December 29, 1885.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

TICKETS (including admission to Reception and reserved seats) according to location: 75, 50 and 25 CENTS EACH.

The play will be under the management of John F. O'Brien.

The hall is one of the finest in New York City, has been used by all the leading amateur dramatic companies, and is specially adapted for entertainments of this kind. It is within easy reach of all the elevated and uptown home-car railroads.

Tickets can be secured in advance by applying W. G. Pownall, 75 South 10th Street, Williamsburg, or from any of the members and at the Journal office.

Further particulars given later.

Committee of Arrangements.

W. G. POWNALL, Chairman.

JOHN LLOYD, Jr., J. F. J. TRESCHE,

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

H. P. Arms & Co. now offer, at an enormous reduction, their stock of "Gallaudet Prize Alphabet Cards," through E. M. Ziegler, of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia, Pa. 40,800 cards are to be sold out immediately. As far as we know, no further attempt will ever again be made to publish such a handsome souvenir! Deaf-mutes will do well to take the stock now at its present low rate. Stamps taken in payment for small lots.

The Gallaudet PRIZE ALPHABET CARD

We take pleasure in announcing the publication of a memento of Deaf-Mute Education in the United States, which will at once commend itself to all interested in this subject. It consists of a card, 6 1/2 x 9 inches, beautifully executed in

Eleven Colors and in Gold.

The design shows, among other interesting subjects; a portrait of

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET

founder of the first school for the Deaf in America; a view of

THE HARTFORD SCHOOL

AND

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,

at Washington, D. C. Surrounding these accurate views is

THE MANUAL ALPHABET,

superbly illustrated in natural colors. In the center is a beautiful bouquet of roses and violets, and a blank space for the insertion of a name. Nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the public, nor has anything at once so beautiful and so useful ever been sold for the trifling sum asked for these cards.

OPINIONS OF IMPARTIAL CRITICS.

From The National College.

E. M. GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D., the President of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., says: "I do not think that my judgment in regard to work of an artistic nature is worth much, but my opinion as to the merits of this card is certainly favorable."

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE ANNALS."

PROF. E. A. FAY, of the National College, writes: "I have looked at the card sent Dr. Gallaudet, and think it is in very good taste. The combination of colors is harmonious and the general effect is pleasing."

PROF. HOTCHKISS, of the National College, gives his opinion of the design, thus: "If you will only supply the impressive class of deaf-mute pupils with it, in place of the worthless pictures they now sell at exorbitant prices, you will deserve to be crowned a public benefactor."

From The Hartford School.

MR. JOHN WILLIAMS, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf ("deaf old Hartford"), says: "I think the cards are neat and tasteful. *** Your idea of a prize card of this nature for those who are accustomed to give prizes is a good one, and you have carried it out well."

The Philadelphia Institute.

MR. JOSHUA PORTER, ex-Principal of the Philadelphia Institute, writes: "I do not think that my judgment in regard to work of an artistic nature is worth much, but my opinion as to the merits of this card is certainly favorable."

PRINCIPAL A. L. E. CROTHER, thus speaks of the work: "I consider your card the best of the kind I have ever seen. Every deaf child should have one, and all persons desiring of learning the manual alphabet should hasten to become the possessor of one or more of them. I predict a great demand for your card, and congratulate you upon the taste and skill with which it has been prepared."

Western Pennsylvania Institution.

ACTING PRINCIPAL G. M. TEGARDEN, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, writes: "I will say the card is the best thing of the kind I have ever seen. The design is pleasing and artistic; the letters are well formed and in proper position; and all in these respects I think I have no doubt will be gladly received in every family where there is a deaf member."

The Ohio Institution.

PRINCIPAL PRATT says: "I am pleased with it, and should think it would find a ready sale. *** Nicely framed, it seems to me that all who go from the institutions would like to have it."

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET writes: "Your 'Gallaudet Prize Card' is the most beautiful and satisfactory production of its kind I have ever seen. I trust it will come into general use throughout the country."

The Pennsylvania Association.

REV. HENRY W. SYLVE, Pastor of the Deaf-Mute Parish in Philadelphia, and President of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Deaf, writes: "The card you have designed forms an elegant epitome of the progress of the education of the Deaf in America from its origin at Hartford, under the first Gallaudet, to its culmination in the college, under his youthful son. The design is graceful, and the coloring remarkably delicate and harmonious. It would form a pleasing memento for any one benefited by or interested in such education."

The New England Association.

PRES. JOHN T. TILLINGHAM, of the New England Gallaudet Association, speaks his mind, thus: "I am very much pleased with the card. The alphabet is the best I have ever seen."

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhling, Pres.; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Jacob Swartz, Second Vice-President; Charles E. Green, Secretary; J. P. Jiams, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Vice-Secretary. The Secretary's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Martin Aronson; Corresponding Secretary, S. Schmitt; and Recording Secretary, Wm. Winslow. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday of each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 10th Street. First and last meeting of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John Lloyd, Jr., Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Pender's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. H. Van Hook, Secretary, 1000 Broadway, Ohio. President: Phil Thimmes, Lick Run, Cincinnati, Secretary.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Sharrar is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1025 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almon Smith, Treasurer; and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes, effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is composed of the following: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Edward Kingdon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson; Auditors, Fredrick and Secretary, Pasa-Pas Club are Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis are not neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the evening, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bowe; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Secretary, H. H. Hays; Recording Secretary, H. H. Hays; President or Secretary at 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of extra services; and to discuss themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and mutual brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frabee, President; A. W. Orent, Secretary; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargis, Recording Secretary. The Committee, Secretary's Address, 36 Charlestown St., Boston, Mass.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first, second, and fourth Monday, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now organized by John T. Tillingham, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, New Bedford, Mass., Secretary; P. W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingston, Connecticut; E. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. May, Vermont; and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Jacob Gottschalk; Treasurer, George Kinney; General Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Housel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, New Jersey.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. Entrance on Charles Street. The officers of the club for the current half year are: President, Aaron Friedman; Vice-President, R. E. Underwood; Secretary, Henry J. Gill; Treasurer, James H. Mooney; Sergeant-at-Arms, Chas. H. Reed. Those who desire to make communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Mutes from other states are cordially invited to attend social and literary exercises, except business meetings.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services. Bible Class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, President; William Bailey, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer; P. W. Packard and George Macintosh, Committee; W. K. Bigelow, L. F. Harris, George Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., at the residence of J. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members, and lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, Vice-President; M. F. Cheevers, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman, A. J. de la Motte, and all strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is care of Worsted Roy & Co., West Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near 10th Street. The object of the meeting is to hold religious exercises, and to hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th Street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE FIRST GRAND ANNUAL LAYE

OF THE WORCESTER COUNTY

DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION

WILL COME OFF IN WORCESTER,

On Thursday Even'g, December 31, '85,

AT REFORM CLUB HALL,

400 Main Street.

No pains will be spared to make this one of the grandest times ever held here or elsewhere. There will be many different games played to win presents; one from each State will be the players.

Games are to come as follows, so all should study them:—1st, Soap Bubble; 2d, Dumb Band; Game of Checkers; 3d, Game of Dominoes; 5th, a hanging Apple; 6th, the Ten Commandments, both spelling and signs.

Besides the Game Presents, there will be upwards of 100 of other articles which will be mentioned. Some of the most valuable gifts are an elegant Silver Ice Pitcher with Mug, etc., all joined together. Also there is a large adjustable Easy Chair, a great comfort for Gents or Ladies.

The Ice Pitcher will be on exhibition for two weeks before the Levee in one of our well-known jewelry stores. Remember this will be one of the nearest levees ever held, as no tickets will be sold to any person in the habit of indulging in intoxicating drinks, etc. No attempt will be made to reduce car fares, as the car fares are already so cheap, but hall admittance is reduced from